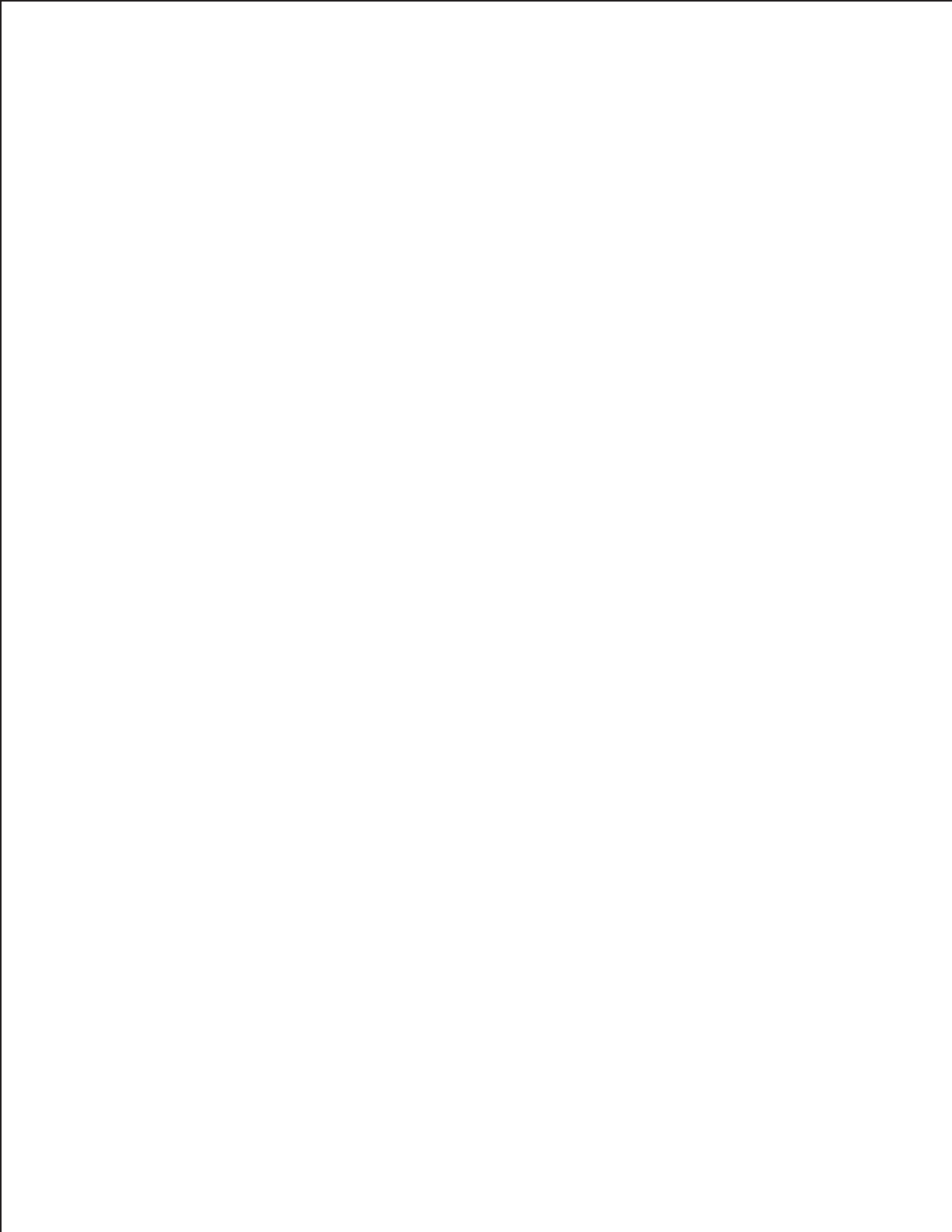


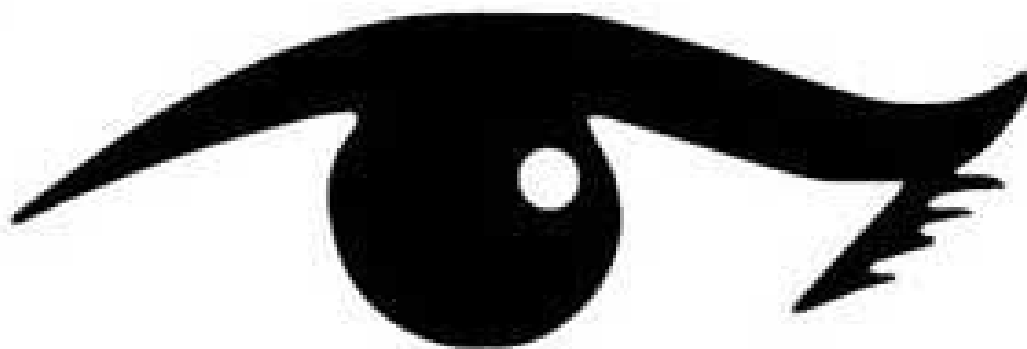
Imprints

Literary & Art Magazine





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Magazine
2018



Volume 26

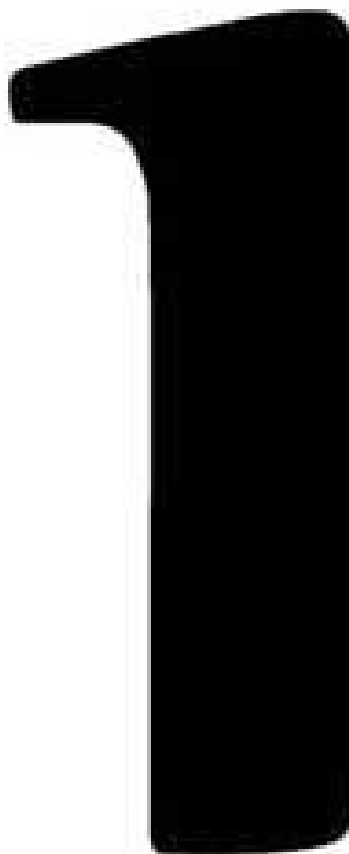


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Self Portrait



Giselle Robinson
Digital Art

Blood Highway (Feel the Pulse)

by Geavin Channels

We the few and queer
watch as beelzebub doth appear
and we can not but fear
the hooded man with spear

but to love we do adhere
and though we might shed a tear
we will meet their sneer
cause our love is so sincere

Blood Highway

each and everyone of us a mutineer
and we'll take the wheel and steer
towards a better and brighter frontier
and those who hate could never interfere

Though our futures are unclear
each of us a pioneer
soon enough we will cry a triumphant cheer
our futures are so near

sacrilege

by: Prince Quamina

never, in these long two decades,
did i think that i'd engage in
such sacrilege
such immorality

it was easy. easily
done, i guess, for whatever
reason(s). never would i
foresee myself to be a thief
to be unsatisfied
to be easily swayed

but the words of my father
come in and out of
earshot, and i remember
never did i truly stand
for much. and thus your
pleading - which you were
unaware of - only beckoned
me like the sweet
silver song of the lark

but, through sleight-of-hand
i saw that it was
the nightingale
so I follow those soft, brown
wings to my descent
to changing things
in your name

The Raven



Kathryn Davis
Drypoint

Rainy Daydream



Courtney Jenkins
Painting

Love Isn't in the Air

by Mya Kreuer

Love isn't in the air,
And you know what's not fair?
I see your fingers caress her hair.
You may not remember,
but I surely do.
I long to be with you.

Love isn't in the air,
No, not at all
You really had to go and drop the bomb
Onto my heart- it's blown into pieces!
 You'll know when you see me,
 And you'll know when I cry.
Missing you isn't very easy.

Love isn't in the air,
And I see you in my eyes,
You are slowly drowning in your own demise.
Because love lives not in the air,
But in our hearts.
Joined together,
Never to part

Blood Orange

By Victoria Thacker

“I feel like a wet seed wild in the hot blind earth.”

— William Faulkner, *As I Lay Dying*

I ask Ma why the roots of her home grounded themselves here
Here swallowed in the swollen belly of a copper sky.

Ma halts her sweeping, uttering disbelief at my ignorance,
festering into a pustule on my head.

“There ain’t no orange trees elsewhere,” she spouts at me.

Long bristles resume their dance.

There is one orange tree behind the barn with which I reckon I am well acquainted.

I’d run my finger pads on the wrinkles in the tree bark;

It was like I was traveling as a particle of dust somwheres,

Watching the other girls braid flaxen hair

And biting their lips so their cupid’s bows became cherry red.

Ma, though, would hobble over to the orange tree.

She’d snatch a young baby one or a rotten one and chomp through the peel.

A sharp seed crunches through her worn flesh,

Piercing her gums where several teeth had rotted away.

Blood mixes to make her yellow teeth orange in mosaic water color.

The way the body fell was:

Poignant, Just, Virtuous, Righteous, and Holy.

How one loses enough blood to raise a child from
Enough blood to drink after jogging
Enough blood to run the river again
Enough blood to fill a tank of gas

Is something Ma didn't have time to ponder before she died.
Is something I didn't have time to ponder after she died.

Hot, sticky sweat washes over my body,
Sweat is right as rain.

Vultures mistake my cooking scalp for fleshy vermin.

It is a little easier to swat birds away since Ma is dead.
Normally she'd tell me He'd just leave as soon as he knew I wasn't no roadkill.

I take an orange out of my pocket and squeeze the orange paste over my head.

Bloody Hands



Selena Xelo
Printmaking

Mental Fog



Karen Sawyer
Collage

Smoke



Cheyenne Kowalczyk
Photography

Untitled

by Prince Quamina

My life has been mostly
behind doors
under the cover of dark
a kiss and a fist
Green and second-tier performance
Spat back in your face like:
Isn't that love
That isn't enough I bust
my ass—
No.

It's hearing a key
turn in a lock
But it's more than just that
it's a cue
a call to order
Assume the position
Pick up the pieces of
your day to day
Before light is extracted
From the face of the deep

It is his
claim that he
stakes with a lion's mouth
open wide to devour
the lion's share

It is your phone—
going off silently
because you—he
—likes it—needs it—
that way. At least that's
what he implies.
It's juggling golden eggs.
Gold will always sink faster
Than you.

You.

You with those sad eyes
get out of my sight
look what you made me do
The thorny words
writhe on the floor

-
(they're written on the
Walls here there
everywhere)

-
and i breathe in the dust
It is sweeping
and cleaning and
getting rid of
the dust with prayer
in each stroke
for the revolutions

Macho Girl



Tyrone Wade
Photography

Amiga



Giselle Robinson
Digital Art

Neptune



Karen King
Photography

Argonauts

A Poem by Gary Peeler

A perilous journey is taken every second
From birth we are on the way
To a destination that no compass
Can provide the navigation

With set sails following the horizon
My own course is brightened
Compared to trivial north and east
That grounds others to chase fool's fleece

But I'm cursed by long term desires
In a short-sighted realm
And every dream of mine requires
Taking a sinking ship's helm

My shipmates' refusal to comply
Might get them swept up by tides
Made by their own parallel choices
But the ocean is a big place, right?

Truly the stars are the key
Although we travel different seas
Every one of us shares a night

Miss Lady



Kelly Costello
Non-Traditional Painting

She

A Poem by Gary Peeler

In the field She stood
And She held her ground
As best as She could
While sadness was all that was found

Perspiration met with sorrow
The heated day brought a cost
With the hopes of a happy tomorrow
But in the moment, it was lost

A heart quickly chastised
Added a residual pain
Sometimes She realized
That tears were her rain

Underneath the shade
My thoughts went away
As my footsteps strayed
Downwards to the path of grey

My moment met hers
And as progressive as it occurs
Affliction met affection
And in our arms was protection

From the clouds and the storm
In her embrace I was warm
So in that field we stood
With each other as long as we could

Courts



Carlos Ramos
Photography

Untitled
by Rachel Sony

Lost youth

Lost lives

New lives

Cut short

Millennials

Budding flowers

Chopped down

Who hurt so much

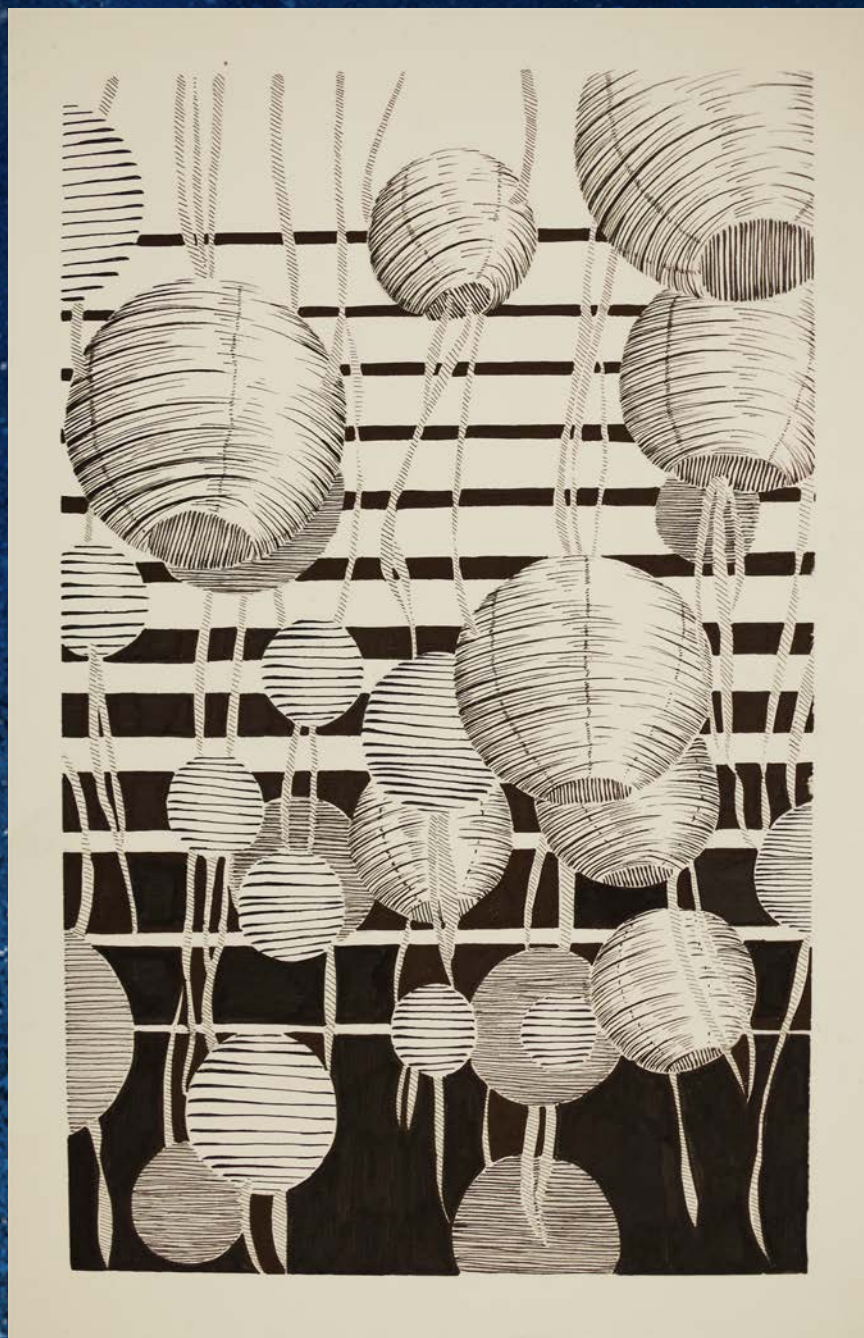
That they had to cut these 17 flowers down

Pier



Karen King
Photography

Lanterns



Karen Sawyer
Pen and Ink Drawing

Opletalova Prague



Brandon Kirk Mar 31, 2017

Opletalova Prague

Brandon Kirk
Water Color Painting

Galaxy Gals



Tyrone Wade
Photography

obsessiveness never leads to anything good.

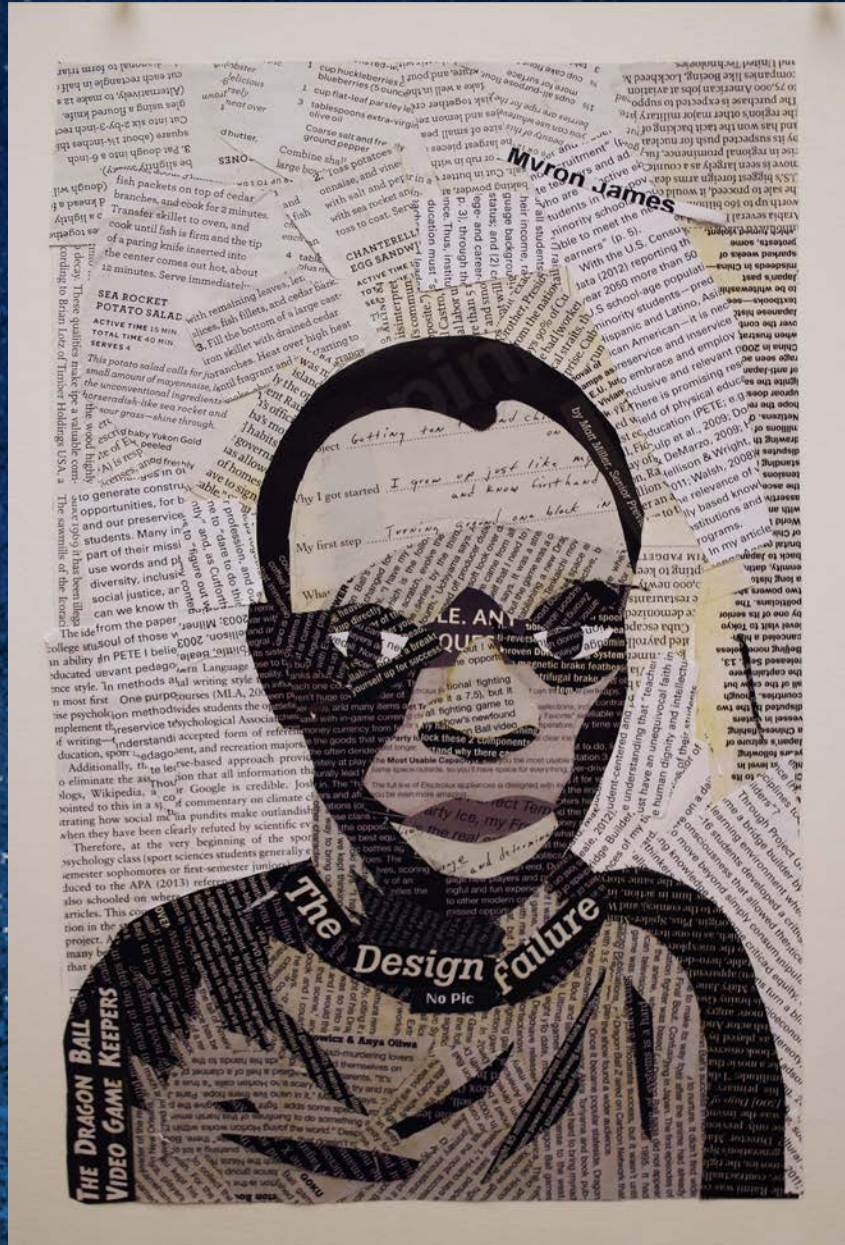
by Prince Quamina

The madcap hedonism
Festers like a sore in an armpit
It's a mosquito bite on the frontal lobe
Pushing me to consult my
Black mirror
I am a curator
Looking for the best likenesses
To sate the itch
To put in the gallery of my brain
Hang as curtains in the windows of my skull
To rip to shreds

My chest is a bone framed
Vessel for pain,
Canvas bears
The soft tissue of a beating
Heart, cut by the glory
Of likenesses
Something so weak
Is useless
I discard.
In a glass cage sits
The yolk of my eggshell skull
Corrupted by a carousel
Of likenesses
Something so easily swayed
Is useless
I discard.

Left alone
With bare hands and
The madcapmadcapmadcap
Insistence of impulse
I rip to shreds every last piece
And taste the gobs of blood

Self Portrait



Myron James
Collage

society

by Nathalya Reyes

Welcome to society
The promise land of society.
Where someone can pull a trigger
And the lies become bigger.
Where man is created equal
And love just became legal.
Where we praise the wealthy
And forget to be healthy.
Where we can love our self

But not pride oneself.
Where “*your body is yours*”
Along with *these free brochures*”.
Where “*dreams come true*”
Is only just the preview.
And our promised protection
Seems like a lie to win the election.
So welcome to your home
Be prepared to make a loan.

Crimson Arches



William Andrews
Photography

Dysmorphia



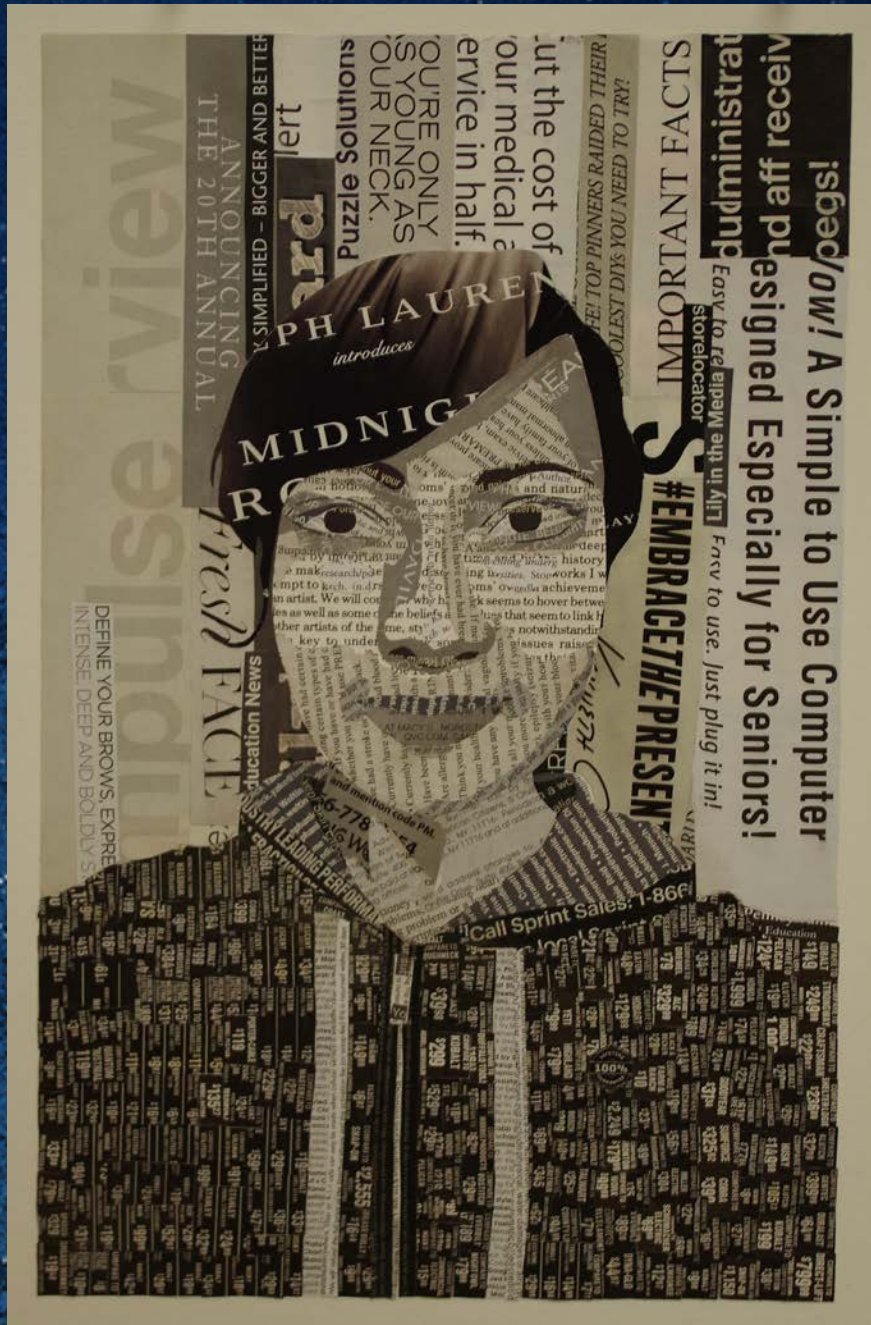
Elizabeth Hinde
Mixed Media Collage

Fence



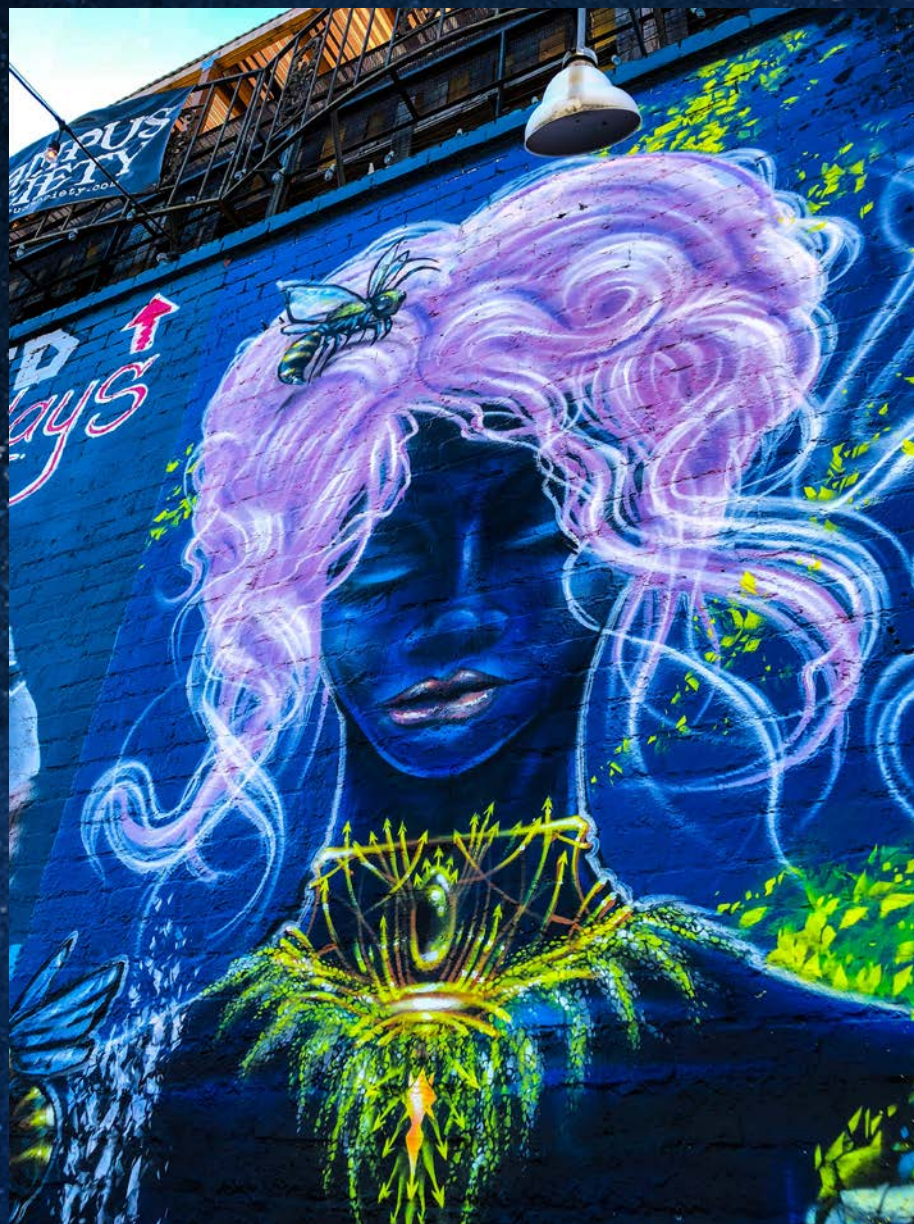
Carlos Ramos
Photography

Self Portrait



Frances L. Maldonado-Martinez
Collage

Mural



Katelyn James
Photography

Simpler Times



Hannah Newman
Drawing

The Maid of Orléans

by Victoria Thacker

*“Now I know how Joan of Arc felt
As the flames rose to her Roman nose”
-The Smiths, Bigmouth Strikes Again*

Fire- the only entity with an appetite swollen enough to aid in her slaughter.
Silky tendrils graze her porcelain chin; a mellifluous blanket of horses galloping pass.
She knows herself to be truly loved by Him; she wields Peleus' sword.

Impersonal metal sheaths lap over each other across her tender body, akin to that of Salome.
Her salt caramel eyes watch the way hubris pricks her little men on the muddy field.
Fire- the only entity with an appetite swollen enough to aid in her slaughter.

When night fell at her farm and the moon began to smirk at each star,
she foresaw her own leathered hands domineering little men to victory in Orléans.
She knows herself to be truly loved by Him; she wields Peleus' sword.

Innate power manifesting itself as a wisteria vine,
chafing against a ruby temper that boils fury into steam when little men disobey.
Fire- the only entity with an appetite swollen enough to aid in her slaughter.

Facing those that paddle against her as if she were a cruel Mediterranean tide,
she often looked to His moon and let His wind lap over her blushing cheeks.
She knows herself to be truly loved by Him; she wields Peleus' sword.

So then when those not as forgiving bind her with the scathing metal of raw conviction,
she remembers what He told her; how her furrowed brows were all her people needed.
The flames patiently lick up the sweetest and bravest morsel they ever had.
She knows herself to be truly loved by Him; she wields Peleus' sword.

Layers



Hannah Newman
Charcoal Drawing

Turn, turn, turn / We didn't start the fire / How am i to keep going
when i can see my death careening around the corner like a speeding car?
by Prince Quamina

Turn, turn, turn.
We didn't start the fire.
These days,
The songs we sing and hear
Fall faster than
Bodies from second floor windows
In the city.

These days,
The sun shows its face
And then the moon
Every time our eyes close.
Bright, hot sun
Then clouds
Then the bitter cold
And the may showers.

My heart beats
Faster
Waxing and waning
Behind my sternum
And picture frames in my house
Trade stagnation for
The whims of velocity

That 23.5 degrees
Has lost its mandate
and can no longer decree—
It's only fate

Last summer's words echo
Like a clarion,
Burn my skin
And leave me on the forest floor.

Hands



Carlos Ramos
Photography

Deep Sea Double



Sakura Aoki
Collage

Hot Air Balloons



Daniel Santiago
Gouache

Black Texas



Tyrone Wade
Photography

That One Night

by Anna Howes

I'm not sure if this is how a first date is supposed to go. I want so badly to make this night special. I look over at her hands clenched into fists and wonder if she notices the pain of her nails digging into her palms. I can't make out if this, her newly formed fists, is a good or bad sign. I look over at the water; the calm waves are now making a slow crawl to the edge of the shore, instead of how they usually crashed down in a massive swirl. I'm avoiding looking her in the eyes I know that. Every time my eyes are on the brink of turning towards her, my heartbeat speeds up. My eyes scan the shore and move up to the boardwalk where bright lights shine, and faint upbeat pop music can be heard playing. I look back out at the dark water; it's such a stark contrast to the brightness of the activities behind us, and here we are in the middle of the two. We are between calm, and chaos; we are on the precipice of pure nature, while still having the glare of society looming behind us. I take a deep breath, suddenly noticing how nervous I am.

It had been her idea to come to the boardwalk, she thought it would be fun to ride the Ferris wheel; she had wanted me to win her a stuffed animal of some kind. I think what she really wanted is to be seen. I wanted to take her hand in mine, but instead, I asked her, as we stood amidst a crowd of strangers, if she wanted to walk down to the water. It's quiet down here, I can handle the quiet, and I can handle the dark. Not her, she never seems devoid of light. Her bright eyes like two shrunken suns to my miniature universe. She likes sunshine, hates the rain and dark clouds,

and often reminds me of her stance on the subject that they are just blocking out the best part of the day. I thought she was the best part of the day and the night. I was drawn to the night, the moon, the quiet peace it brought. I was darkness, she was light, and together we were a total eclipse.

I look down at my own pale hands; dried paint lingers under my nails from the recent painting I'd finished; a girl, standing on a beach like this one, all alone. My long thin outstretched fingers tremble, I clench them hoping she won't see, won't notice my nerves.

*"I am young again,
standing close to my
mother on a golden
landscape of sand
and sea."*

"It's a beautiful night," I finally say, trying my best to break the silence that had settled between us. I think she is looking at me, but of course, I can't be sure because I refuse to look at her. I don't think I can take that look of disappointment right now. I assume she nodded, also not knowing what to say. My eyes wander to her hands again, they aren't in fists anymore. At least I didn't think they were, she'd tucked them into her denim jacket pockets while I wasn't looking. I hear her take a deep breath and wonder if she's enjoying the ocean breeze. I take in a similar breath, trying to calm myself.

I am young again, standing close to my mother on a golden landscape of sand and sea. As we walk down to the edge of the shore, the evening sun casts a hallow around my vision. I come to a stop and warm water laps over my bare feet. My eyes move to my mother's face which has a peacefulness that rarely graces her features. She closes her eyes, taking in a deep breath and I notice how alive she looks today. As she stands with her toes digging into the

warm wet sand, her cheeks flush a rosy pink.

As I walk along the shore giggling and twirling in my sundress, I catch my mother's eyes following me. I pause, take a breath, and smile at her. I scan the shoreline for intact shells, and soon my small hands begin to fill up. Collecting as many as shells I can carry, I return to my mother's spot on the sand and place each of my gifts in front of her. Her eye shine as she looks up at me. "They're beautiful, Darlene," I hear her soft voice say.

We've been standing for a long time; I hope she isn't getting tired of just standing here. I look over at her, at the lipstick like a red satin ribbon stretched across her lips, and the mess of dark brown hair that reaches down almost to her lower back. A soft breeze moved the curls this way and that, which doesn't seem to bother her. I realize now I hadn't told her she looked beautiful tonight; I remember that I'd wanted to when I'd met up with her at the boardwalk. She had been sitting on a nearby bench chatting with an older couple, she had laughed, and it was the most spectacular thing I'd ever seen. It looked like nature or a perfect storm. She turned just in time to see me walking toward her, she had smiled when she saw me, and that smile made my heart stop. She had run up to me, hugged me, and tried to kiss me, but before she could I had turned my face away. I hated this; I hated hurting her. I'd brought her a house plant. Some type of Cactus, I think it was. She'd laughed at this and hugged me again. I'd moved the plant out of the way so it wouldn't be crushed by the weight of our bodies pressed together. She hated flowers, and that was the joke, she'd told me that a million times. She would go into detail about her hatred for any kind of perennial. It

"I loved the way she laughed like she needed everyone around her to hear her joy."

made me laugh, she would slap my arm when I did, would tell me it's serious business. I would say okay, but keep a smirk on my face. She'd left the plant somewhere, forgetting to pick it back up after she'd sat it on a bench for a moment. It didn't matter, I thought, it was the gesture that really mattered; it was saying I know you, without using words.

Her name is Evelina, but she always told the people she met to call her Eve. Life, it was fitting, I thought, because she was always so full of it. I liked to use her name whenever I talked to her. When I said her name, it felt like my voice was made beautiful, each syllable a graceful dancer. And I, made into a singer for just a second, my rough voice turned soft. She calls me by a nickname; she rarely uses my real name. It doesn't bother me too much because she calls me darling, which makes me blush every time. She draws it out too, the word rolling off her tongue in a slow southern drawl.

There were a lot of things that I loved about Eve. I loved her bravery, but I think I was envious of it too, how bold she could be without caring what anyone else thought. I loved how she sewed things when she was nervous, not caring what it was, just needing to keep her hands busy and working, and her deep love for her father, mother, sisters, and brothers. Eve had a big family, which made me nervous. Love made me nervous too, I didn't know why exactly, but it always had. I sometimes wonder if my aversion to love stems from the simple fact that I know love can hurt. People abandon people, they walk away, my father taught me that. I clasp my hands together to keep them from shaking. I want to know what she's thinking. I look again at her hands, they are behind her back now, clasped I assume, the same as

as mine. Finally, I look up at her, she is watching the ocean very intently, and her head is tilted slightly to the side. This makes me even more curious as to what's going on in her head.

"Eve," I say without taking my eyes off her.

"Yes, darling?" her eyes shine, but she didn't take them off the sea.

"Do you... do you like it here, I mean not here, but here with me." I detested my voice for quavering. When Eve finally looks at me, she is frowning. My eyes linger on her down-turned lips, I had upset her somehow. I turn away a little, she grabs me by the arm, and her touch is gentle, a silent plea not to leave. As I turn to look at her I see tears in her eyes. What have I done?

"When are you going to stop pretending?" The question comes out in a low, rushed whisper. I wonder how long she's been holding that question inside her, but I don't want to know the answer. She doesn't wipe the tears from her face, "if you have some kind of unresolved shame in being with me, then maybe we should just-"

"What are you talking about?" I grit my teeth, trying to hold back the tears I know will come if this keeps going.

"Darling, we've been sneaking around for a whole year, and this," she gestures around herself, and lets a dry laugh escape her mouth. "This is our first date, and even now, when I think you've finally accepted yourself, and accepted us, you're hiding again." As she spoke, she didn't raise her voice, which makes it

worse because that means she isn't angry; she's tired, and I know it's because of me. She's tired of waiting for me.

"I don't ask for a lot, I just want to know that you want this." I look at her for a long time; she doesn't say a word. As the silence grows between us, I take her hands into mine and move closer to her. I feel her hands have been shaking too. My thumb moves slowly, back and forth, over her knuckles; her hand squeezes mine. I look over at the ocean, at the stream of light reflecting off the dark water;

"...and in that moment, in that split second between what people see and what is real and true, in the arms of the woman I love, I feel the bravest I ever have."

the few clouds, which had been obscuring the moon from view, are now gone. I feel envious, knowing the moon refuses to stop shining even though every day its brightness is out-matched by the sun; still, it doesn't feel less in comparison.

I look Eve in the eyes; I search them for a moment, trying in vain once more to understand this mystery in front of me. All I can gage is that as her dark eyes shine with a sort of determination like she doesn't plan on giving up on me, and in that moment, I am so filled to the brim with love for her. I take her face in my hands, and I wipe the tears away.

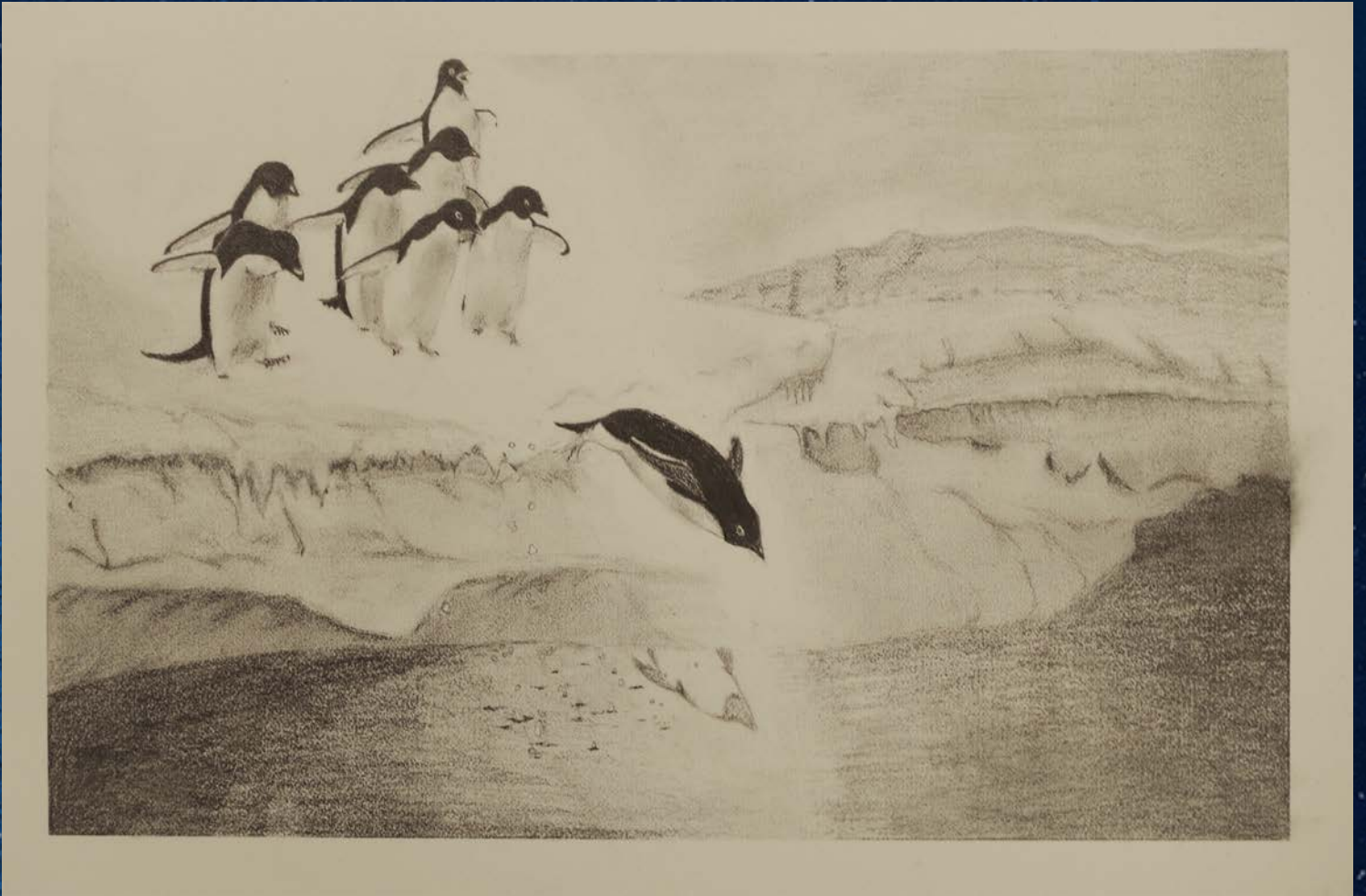
"Evelina, I love you." And even though this is our first date, even though those words scare me more than anything else in this life, I mean them. I kiss her, pressing our lips together, and in that moment, in that split second between what people see and what is real and true, in the arms of the woman I love, I feel the bravest I ever have.

Scout Dreams of
Dinner



Anna Duhome
Printmaking

The Little Pebble



Sakura Aoki
Drawing

Collage



Carlos Ramos
Collage

a fox, I guess...



Will Andrews
Digital Art

Artist Spotlight

Raul Colmenares



Since his childhood in Venezuela, Raul's natural ability with art was plain to see, but it was not until he came to the United States that he thought that his talent might be something more than a hobby. A teacher had showed him that art is more than just a simple decoration to put up and please the eyes and taught Raul the value of art. He has set his sights on becoming a professional artist, specifically a painter.

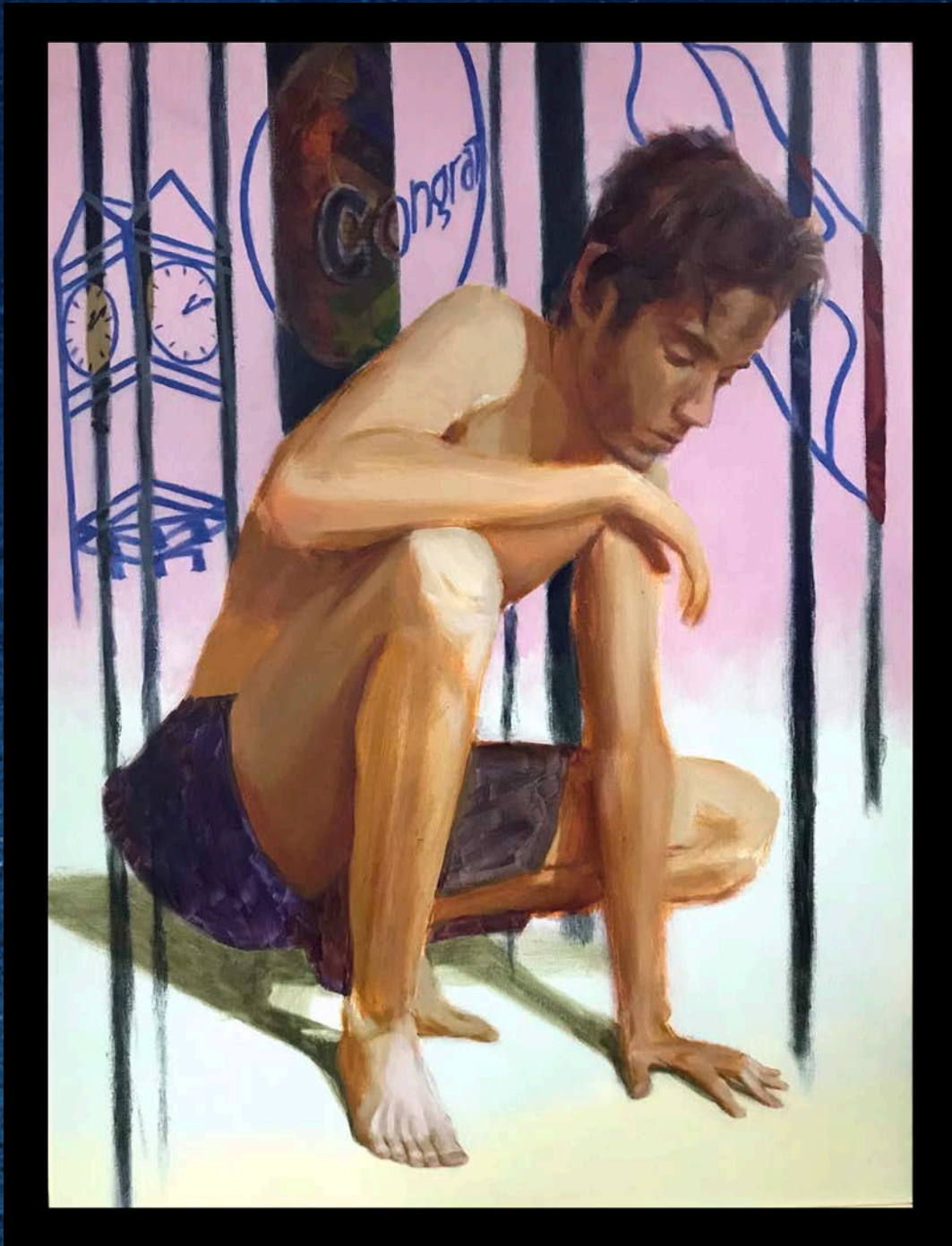
Raul spends his time painting in his room with acrylics which he says are a "good start," because of their relative inexpensiveness; he also works with water colors, but just recreationally. He says that "art is not the medium, art is the connection you make with what you're doing." He has spent a lot of time making art at the request of others and painting in a style more for other people. He says that being very aware of the art and the intent behind it helps to shape the outcome of the pieces he works on.

Raul says that he has "no satisfaction with following the rules," and tries to break them to create new pieces of art. Another important aspect of his artistic mentality is to elicit a reaction from those that see his art and to ponder why people react the way they do. When Raul creates art, he says he feels as though it's "taking something out of me and into the canvas." His work is exploring who he is and exploring what he can do, to be able to develop something new. From a professional standpoint though he says that an artist needs to be aware of the moment and use their tools to affect the next step of their art.

One of the most important inspirations Raul has to his art and to the process by which he paints is Bruce Lee and the way he relates to his work inspired Raul in his own works. The ideas of Sadhguru, meaning ignorant teacher, which are of living openly and freely as well as focusing on what is happening right now have contributed to Raul's paintings and his unique style.

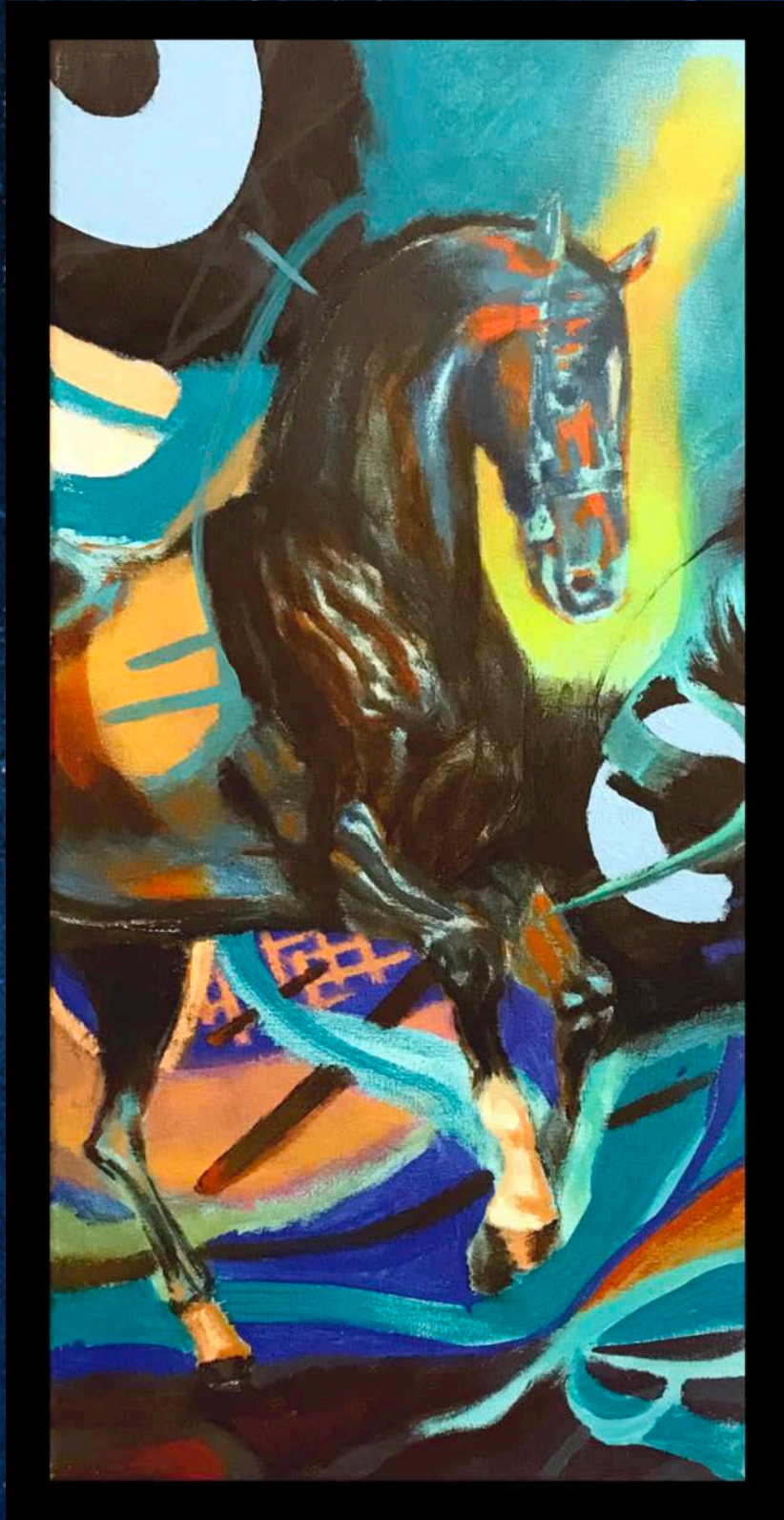
-Geavin Channels

Awareness



Raul Colmenares
Acrylic Painting

Gravity



Raul Colmenares
Acrylic Painting

Examintation



Raul Colmenares
Oil Painting

Imprints Staff

Will Andrews Editor-in-Chief

2018 marks Will's final year at both CF and Imprints. His time spent as Editor-in-Chief of Imprints has been... exciting to say the least. When Will was offered the opportunity of Editor-in-Chief, he had a lot of doubts about his abilities. After a year of leading the magazine, not a single one of his doubts has been put to bed. Luckily, he didn't have to make a magazine on his own. All year he has been surrounded by a group of kind, competent editors who were able to help every step of the way.



Katelyn James Art Editor

As an aspiring journalist, Katelyn is working towards earning her associates in arts degree here at CF in the hopes of transferring to a journalism program at a university. She chose to join the Imprints staff to gain experience in the creative side of writing and design. Katelyn has been writing poetry, songs, short stories, and drawing cartoons since she was younger. Along with Imprints, she is part of numerous clubs and organizations on campus, including the school's newspaper, the Patriot Press, where she is the editor-in-chief.



Mya Kreuer Poetry Editor

Mya Kreuer, the youngest Imprints staff member, took her staff photo four times to show everyone who looked that she indeed has arms.



Prince Quamina Poetry Editor

“Talented, brilliant, incredible, amazing, show stopping, spectacular, never the same, totally unique, completely not ever been done before, unafraid to reference or not reference, put it in a blender, shit on it, vomit on it, eat it, give birth to it... he’s all those things. But actually he’s a fucking good person.” —Lady Gaga



Karen King Art Editor

KarenKing AKA Whimsical Wench. She is from a galaxy far, far, away. Who instead of wishing upon a star is changing her star to grant her wishes. Mischief Managed. Love the life you love, love the life you live.



Geavin Channels Literature Editor

Trapped in a prison of flesh, the might of an Old God writhes against my mortal being. Searching for a flaw, by which to escape it's cage of meat and bone. Twisting my mind into a cruel visage of anger and paranoia. Gebin lies just below the surface demanding to be free.



Grace Cooper Literature Editor

Active 42 minutes ago
6 miles away

Grace enjoys yelling at shows on HGTV in her free time and she has a self-loathing sense of humor. Her favorite foods are sushi, bell peppers, and oranges. Not looking for a hook up.



Shannon Dosh Supervisor

Shannon's second year as Imprints Advisor involved a larger, enthusiastic staff, each of whom worked diligently to meet deadlines. Each productive session sparked energetic ideas that filtered into the 26th edition of Imprints. She is very proud of the team work this year and hopes the students and staff enjoy the magazine.



a note from the editor...

My final year on the Imprints staff hasn't always been easy. throughout the year we faced non-stop deadlines, set-backs, and challenges that kept us on our toes. As somebody who has always taken a step back to let somebody else be the leader, picking up the mantle of responsibility felt like an impossible task. Thankfully I got to work with a group of people who didn't let me carry that burden on my own.

Last fall, I was the only returning student at Imprints Magazine. I faced a new staff with some faces I recognized and some faces I had never seen before. I was terrified of what the year would be like. Terrified of failure, of falling short, of making a fool of myself. Well throughout the year, I managed to do all three of those things. If it weren't for all of those old and new faces coming along to pick up the slack, I would be lost.

The new friends I made were smarter than me, funnier than me, had more drive than me... I could go on. They were also possibly some of the weirdest people I've ever met (I mean did you read those bio's they wrote for themselves?). With such a large group of fun-loving, smart, goofballs, we were able to get more done than I ever thought possible.

This magazine isn't perfect. We didn't get to do everything we wanted to do and we dropped the ball a few times. But at the same time, I couldn't be more proud. We made this. So I hope you enjoyed it. And to everyone at Imprints: I know I didn't always make things easy for you. Honestly, any one of you probably could have done a better job leading than I did but you were with me every step of the way. I can't thank any of you enough.

-Will Andrews

Special Thanks to

Tyrus Clutter

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Lois Brauckmuller

First Impressions Printing

Want to Submit?

Imprints accepts fiction, non-fiction, poetry, art, digital media, and photography. We seek to have as many submissions as possible, to ensure that the magazine is filled not only with work but the best work possible. We want CF students to be intrigued by life and show us, through their creative process, how life bribed them to feel something besides the norm.

We accept submissions throughout the academic school year (fall & spring) with February 15th being the last day submissions will be reviewed for that year's magazine. Any submissions received after that date will be considered for the following year's magazine. Any submissions received after that date will be reviewed for that year's magazine, if that student is still a student at CF.

Each student may send a maximum of 3 literary submissions with 2000 words total and 5 art submissions. Please submit through the student portal at cf.edu/imprints.



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